

The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 19 OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA
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VOL. IV

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1919

No. 7



"THE KILTIE—1,030,029"

From Oil Painting by Eben F. Comins

MUTT AND JEFF

Appear Every
Morning In

THE ASHEVILLE CITIZEN

"YOUR NEWSPAPER"

On Sale at the Canteen

TELL THEM YOU WANT A COPY EVERY MORNING

WE are handling a good many of the Soldiers'
Accounts, and we will Welcome
Your Business.



CITIZENS BANK

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JNO. A. CAMPBELL, *Cashier*
WM. F. DUNCAN, *Asst. Cashier*

Opposite Postoffice

Asheville, N. C.

The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

LT. COL. WM. J. LYSTER.

Commanding

Advisers

1ST LT. W. L. WHITE, S.C., U.S.A.

1ST LT. H. W. KINDERMAN, M.C., U.S.A.

HOSP. SERGT. RUSSELL RADFORD, Editor-in-Chief

MR. MATHEW BEECHER, Art Editor

SERG. 1/CL. A. ZABIN, Business Manager



B

Vol. IV

Saturday, August 30, 1919

No. 6

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice, Oteen, N. C. Subscription rates, \$1.00 for seventeen weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

The year's summary of K. C. activities is mighty interesting and deserves a mention. During the fiscal year just ended the free distributions to soldiers and sailors were \$7,000,000 in value. Each soldier in small but highly prized luxuries and comforts, had placed in his hands gratis goods to the value of nearly \$2.50 a piece. Not much per man, but what a difference it made to the doughboy when pay was slow in coming!

Abroad the Knights maintained 125 huts and clubs of substantial size, and at home they operated 461 buildings and thirty-two tents. In all during the year \$16,794,000 was spent, and this though dipping but \$2,112,000 into the \$25,000,000 which is the organization's quota of the United War Fund. And these vast sums were secured with collection expenses not aggregating as much as the credits which come from the prompt payment of merchandise bills. And all they have done in a general way over there they are accomplishing right here in our local post. Energy and devotion to the boys seem to mark the days of our K. C. men here—and all of those who are aiding them in their programs. They are engaged in a work of love and they do not weary. And we do, in spirit at least, give them a soul salute—knowing they care and have shown it.

Our ball team is on the win—and you've got to keep them going. Today we play Asheville's All Stars at Oates Park—and on Lador day we play a double header—one game on our own field in the morning, another at Oates Park in the afternoon. They have a snappy team, and the town is backing them to the limit. Let us tell you we've got them trimmed if we get enthusiasm running high. We need a hooting, howling following of good clean sport enthusiasts. We will win, and you'll rue the lost of a game. So, join the crowd—follow them to every game—this means you.

It is asserted by men high in government circles who have a knack for gathering statistics that some 18,000 new millionaires made their appearance in this country during the war. That suggests, first, a way of financing the revenue demands, and, second, a thorough housecleaning at home.

America doesn't want a violent hurricane of hunger and bloodshed, such as is sweeping over Europe today. But the only certain way to prevent such a calamity is to put an end to the greed and selfishness that give rise to it.

Prussian militarism being effectively crushed, we can begin now to set our own house in order again. Our industries must be humanized—farm life must be made more enjoyable—the body politic must be cleansed, thoroughly cleansed. And here the returned soldier will take big parts.

For it must be remembered that a transformation has taken place. Our manhood is coming out of the army changed men. These men will bring back home a new vision of life. And that will spell a cleaner, freer, better America.

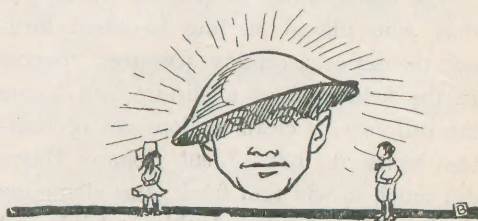
In the Magazine Section of *The New York Times* of last Sunday an anonymous "Woman War Worker" was permitted to indulge in some surprising mudslinging at the American soldier in France. "Our Bad Boys in France" was the title of her unjustified philippic. The American soldier was represented as overindulging in drink, acting like a cowboy bent on "shooting up the town," being abusive and boorish in restaurants and other public places, and insulting to women, both French women and American women, when the later were not in service uniforms.

There were soldiers "who complained that they did not want to go home because they could not get anything to drink in America.

The sublime truth about the American army in France is that no army was ever cleaner, soberer, healthier and better behaved. Vice was practically abolished.

In his "Social Studies of the War" Dr. Elmer T. Clark, a Y. M. C. A. investigator and representative of the various religious newspapers in this country, speak repeatedly of the serious and even deeply spirited character of the soldiers with whom he lived for many months at the front. He contrasts the soldiers' point of view with the point of view of most of the chaplains assigned to instruct them—and the contrast is in favor of the soldiers. To say that our men overseas were drunkards and boors—sorry to go home because there is nothing to drink in the United States—is an outrageous slander. Never was there a body of fighting men more to be trusted, individually and collectively, for clean-mindedness, clean-heartedness, modesty, sympathy and instinctive courtesy.

—T.B.



Letter from ex-soldier informs us that the price of loving has gone up tremendously since the days before the war. Ex-soldier writes that his light of love will eat nothing but the very best of candy and couldn't think of riding in a street car. Expects the old boy to charter a taxi for even a quarter mile hike. Tell you, fellows, those birds that claimed exemption and got it are to blame for the extravagance of maidenhood.





HOT DOG—LET'S GO

We have the jump on that series with Asheville having beaten them in Wednesday's game 2 to 1, the second game of the series takes place at Oates Park Saturday afternoon at 3.30. So let's all get out there and root hard for the boys to bring home the bacon. Saturday, 3.30 P. M.—Oates Park—Oteen vs. Asheville—Hot Dog—Let's Go.

TOUGH TRAVELLING IN TENN.

Our peppery bunch of ball-tossers travelled to Morristown, Tennessee last week for a series of three games with the fast Morristown nine; in spite of the fact that we dropped two out of the three games our boys played a wonderful brand of base-ball and nothing but poor umpiring and bad sportmanship on the part of Morristown kept us from walking away with the series.

After having lost the first two games by scores of 5 to 2 and 5 to 1, our boys came back in the last game and gave Morristown a beating to the tune of a score of 8 to 4. 4,000 fans won't forget that game for a long time to come.

Too much cannot be said for Buddy Indorf who played sterling base-ball throughout the series accepting seventeen chances in the field without a slip-up and lacing the pill for six clean wallops out of fourteen times at bat. Lieut. Johnny Hayes did much to win that final game slamming the horse-hide for two doubles, a triple and a homer in four times at bat.

Another series with Morristown is looked forward to and when that time comes we'll all be out there rooting hard for Old Oteen.

OTEEN TWO, ASHEVILLE ONE

Coach Allexander led our boys to victory Wednesday afternoon in the first of a four game series with the Asheville Stars by a score of 2 to 1. It was a corking good pitchers duel between Henry for Oteen and Bryson for Asheville. Henry had a load of stuff on the ball and had the better of the argument in as much as he yielded but four hits while Bryson was touched for nine blows.

Henry won his own game in the seventh when with the score 1 to 1 he cracked the ball to deep right for a home run. Asheville had a chance to score in the 8th when Shook, the first one up tripled to right, here McIntyre bounced one to Indorf whose perfect throw to the plate caught Shook trying to score on the play.

No runs were scored on either side until the sixth inning and then both sides scored one each.

After two out in the sixth Coggins was hit by a pitched ball, stole second and on a single by Roberts to deep center scored the first run of the game. But Landeth fled out to second and ended Asheville's scoring. In the eighth inning Shook, the first man up, hit to right field for three bases. Then McIntyre hit to Indorf who made a quick play catching Shook at home. Then Crimm caught McIntyre stealing second. Meehan struck out ending the only inning that Asheville threatened.

Crimm opened the sixth for Oteen by hitting an easy fly to McIntyre who dropped the ball. Antley laid down a nice bunt advancing Crimm to second. DeLaney next man up singled scoring Crimm which tied the score. Cope popped to Coggins, Simms hit to short and was an easy out. Hayes popped to second baseman ending the inning.

The fielding features of the game were made by DeLaney, who is rounding into one of the fastest second basemen in the State.

Box score as follows:

ASHEVILLE

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.
McIntyre, cf	3	0	1	0	0
Meehan, rf.	3	0	0	0	0
Coggins, 2b.	3	1	0	3	3
Roberts, c.	4	0	1	2	5
Landreth, ss.	3	0	0	2	0
Murry, 3b.	4	0	1	1	2
Bryson, p.	3	0	0	3	4
Wilson, 1b.	3	0	0	8	2
Shook, lf.	3	0	1	0	0
Totals	29	1	4	24	14

OTEEN

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.
Indorf, ss.	4	0	1	2	2
McKethan, cf.	4	0	1	0	0
Antley, 1b.	4	0	1	12	0
DeLaney, 2b.	4	0	2	3	5
Crimm, c.	4	1	1	7	1
Cope, lf.	4	0	1	2	0
Simmons, rf.	4	0	0	0	0
Hayes, 3b.	4	0	1	0	1
Henry, p.	3	1	2	1	3
Totals	35	2	10	27	12


ONE GOT AWAY

Our ball team with its four hundred loyal rooters travelled to Montreat last week only to lose it's first game out of seven starts to the Montreat Maulers. Sutton who started on the mound for Oteen had an off day; in the first two innings they got him for four hits which coupled with two errors, gave Montreat a lead of five runs. After that our boys played good ball but the lead Montreat stole in the early innings was too great to overcome. Better luck next time.


THIS WASN'T SPORT

Our earnest Irish advocate of sports, and then more sports, Joe Downey suffered a mean injury in the last game of the Morristown series. Downey was catching behind the bat when one of those mean foul tips badly split his right hand—thus putting him out of active ball playing for a time. Friend Joe is growling around in his uniform at all of the games. His hope, and ours, is that he'll be back at his game very soon.





CAPS & CAPE



Deo et Humanitate

Quarters No. 3 is very glad to welcome Miss Lewis back to the "Nursery." After several weeks in the nurses' infirmary she comes to us all smiles. Here's hoping she never leaves us for so long again!

◆ ◆

Last week about forty nurses and aides spent a very pleasant evening in the Red Cross playing bridge and five hundred. At the close of the evening very pretty prizes were given to the winners, after which eats and dancing were enjoyed by all. Let us have more such affairs!

◆ ◆

We are very glad to welcome to the Oteen Nurses Corps Misses Beard, Drake, Hilden and Brennan. After having been with the Army in Germany and rainy France they are quite delighted with Oteen.

◆ ◆

We are very sorry indeed to learn that Miss Lyall has gone to her home for an indefinite stay. She being the first social worker we had for our very own, we will always hold her dear to us. By her ever ready pep and smiles, her cleverness and unique way of managing our social affairs, she has made herself doubly dear to us. We know she will be a success wherever she find herself. Miss Reid comes to us as Miss Lyall's successor. We are all looking with pleasure toward her leadership for our social life here on the post.

◆ ◆

Says Becket to Pye,
"Oh, my,
I
Will die!
The world's gone fluey
Without my 'Louie!'"

An Inspiration to Womanhood of America

"The Army Corps, comprising among its personnel women from the highest positions in the nursing world, has splendidly fulfilled its traditions.

"The exceptional professional skill of its personnel, coupled with the psychological influence exerted by the sympathetic feminine presence, made the Army Nurse Corps a very notable factor in the success achieved by the Medical Corps of the Army.

"It was my experience that the nurses at all times and under the most trying circumstances displayed patience and courage of the finest order. They attested their royalty and devotion to duty by self-immolation and quiet, unquestioning obedience, giving no thought to personal safety.

"And to those who sacrificed their lives in the line of duty, I desire to pay the highest tribute. Their names will be immortal on our country's honor roll, and their heroic devotion to duty will be an inspiration to the womanhood of our nation."



Surgeon General of the Army.

A quiet young nurse named Lind Said, "You sparrow, you ought to be skinned!"

He said, "Oh, don't ma!"

And she said, "You—Shaw!"

And then she spanked him.

◆ ◆

Miss Leete left Thursday for her home in New York. She has not been at Oteen very long but we shall miss her.

◆ ◆

Miss Lyall is engineering a card party for Friday night. All the card sharks are going to attend.

◆ ◆

Fun is fun, but—

Dear Marion:

Awful news—we can't get our discharges until four months after coming back from furlough, and you know I haven't been back only just a little while. I feel almost absolutely unable to write you. I am just floored. I found a "Sonnet written in a Bughouse" that expresses my mixed up feelings. It goes like this:

"Oh that my soul a hope-bone might seize!
For the old egg of my desire is broken,
Spilled is the pearly white, and spilled the yolk, and
As the mild melancholy contents grease my path
The shorn lamb baas like bumblebees.
Times' trashy purse is a taken token
Or like a thrilling recitation spoken
By mournful mouths filled with mirth and cheese.

And yet, why should I clasp this unjoyful urn?

Or pluck the frittered fig that felt the blast?
Or choose to chase the cheese around the churn?

Or chew any pill from the past?

Ah, no me, not while my plaid eyes burn
Like a potato riding on the blast.

So, you see I can't marry him if I stay in and I can't get out, so I say sospdq, and hope you will the same for

HELEN.

◆ ◆

Gust in Mess Hall (with pleased surprise) "Why, there are napkins!" Old Timer (with a gracious snort) "Yes, community ones!"

LISTEN TO THIS!

A bill introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Weaver, of North Carolina, provides that all persons who have served with the military or naval forces of the United States during the present war receive an additional pay of \$30 for each month of service, not to exceed \$260. This applies to officers, enlisted men and nurses. The amounts to be paid to each person shall be taken from the appropriations for the pay of the army and navy respectively unless it becomes necessary to issue and sell bonds of the United States for the purpose of raising funds needed to meet the above payments.

More power to you Zeb, and we'll shout for you forever if you realize.

A. W. (S.) O. L.

A. B. P. in the S. O. S. at S. P. C. N. O. 2 went A. W. O. L. on the Q T. He was nabbed by the M P. at A. P. O. 792 at 8:05 P. M. His C. O. was O. D. at the time, so he got a C. M. P. D. Q. Charge 94th A. of W., Par. 41144, G. O. 1313. Findings, G. as C. Sentence, 2 and 2-3 of 2 and 30 at K. P. The O. I. C. forbade him to go to the A. R. C. or Y. M. C. A., so he was S. O. L.

—Ex.

There was a young lady from Skye,
With a shape like a capital I.
She said, "It's too bad,
But then I can pad."
Which shows you that figures can lie.

TWO QUESTIONS OF A SINGLE IDEA

I wonder will things look different
After my sentence, and say,
I wonder will all the folks know me,
Withered and old and gray?

For a long, long time I have pondered
But still it is puzzling me—
Do they count in days or months or years
That thing called "emergency?"

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When you've sloe-gin and beer and tokay,
But the man worth while
Is the man with a smile,
When he has to drink water all day.

I should like to trade jobs with Saint Peter
And my reason is easy to tell.
When he kicks in, my hard-boiled top
kicker,
Once I safely could say, "Go to hell!"

Recruiting Sergeant—Th greatest life in
the world—travel, good pay, lots o' fun,
edycation—what d'ya say, young feller!
Sign up today?

Prospective Recruit—Well—I'd like to
but I wanna think it over a bit. I better
come back in a couple o' days an' see you
again.

Recruiting Sergeant—Better make up yer
mind now! I expect my discharge any day
now! —Ex.

56 DETACHMENT MEN LEAVE

Yes, ma'am, that many noble warriors received their home-going warrant within the last ten days in camp, which has depleted our Detachment force greatly. The rumor gains ground that another slice of men, both patients and detachment, are slated for the discharge route within the next fortnight. Many men are due to arrive at the Post at a very early date from General Hospital 37, New Haven, Conn., which is closing September 1st.

NEW HOUR FOR BREAKFAST

It isn't a question now of whether you'll have your breakfast served in bed or no. A new ruling is out that if ye ain't in the Detachment Meess Hall between the hours of 6:00 and 7:00 a. m. you're S. O. L. Yes, sir; it is rumored about that too derved many of us birds ain't out early enough to get the worms, and it is hoped by the new ruling to have us up and sitting along the road side so we can break into the mess hall at promptly six A. M. The usual seven "coarse" line of victuals are daintily served. Don't crowd, and the line forms to the right. —P. D.

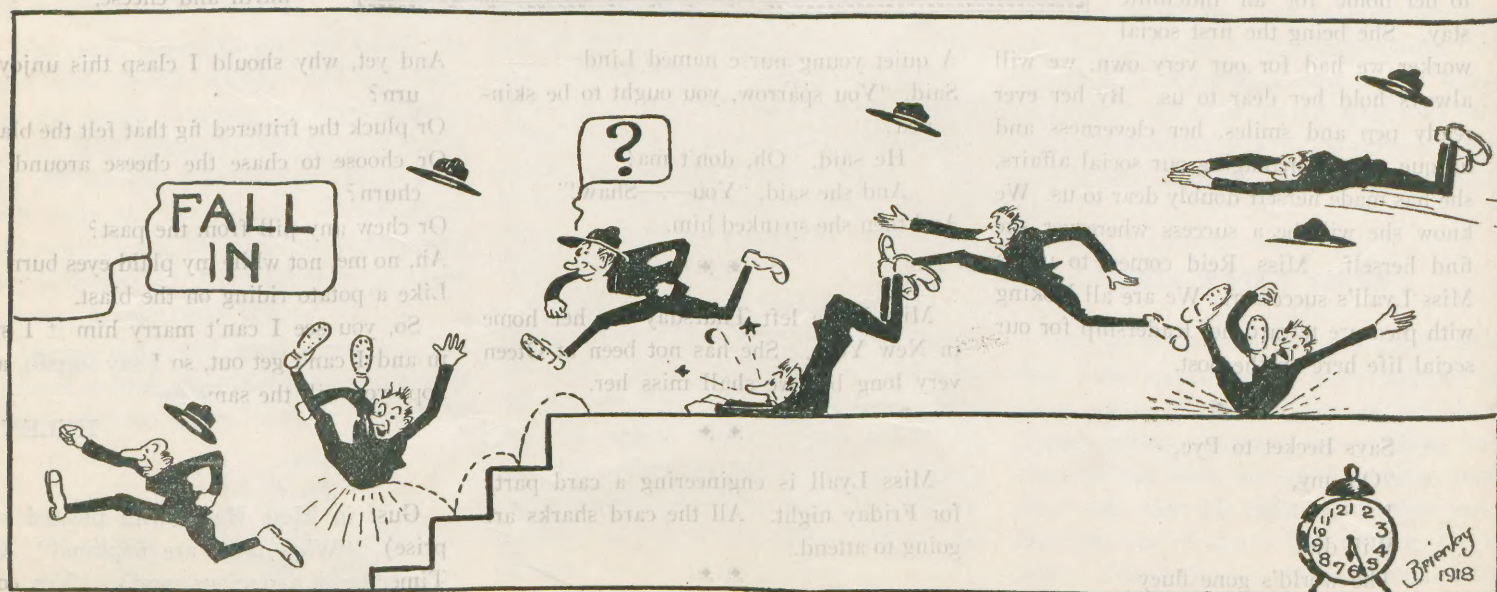
Rock—What's that stuff?

Cook—Eat some and find out.

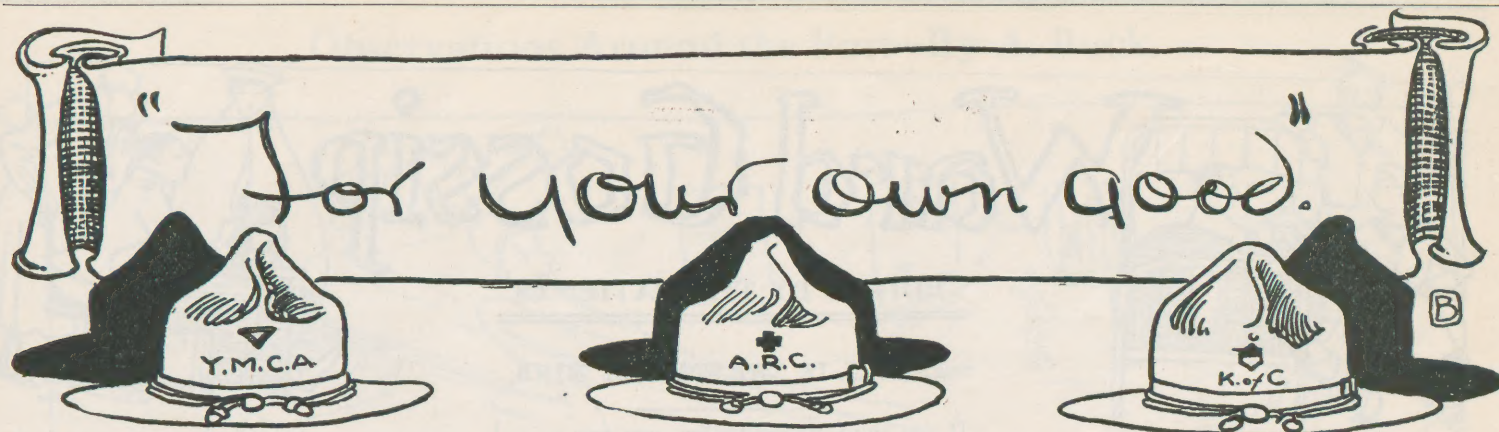
Rock—I did and that's what stirred my curiosity.

"My rose," said Mike as he pressed her velvet cheek to his.

"My cactus," said she, for he hadn't had a shave for a week.



Revielle—The Way the Folks Back Home Picture It.



Red tried to make a touch and heard a hard-luck story. Red was told to stay close around the ward and missed a good feed. Red figured up his bank balance and found that he had three dollars and sixty-eight cents. Red is now broke.

▽ ▽

Some of the fellows say that it was easier to make the trip through the country to Morristown than it would have been to stand inspection last Saturday. The roads are reported rough, too.

▽ ▽

Miss Martha Biggers, of Ridgecrest, put on one of the swellest programs on Tuesday last that we have ever had on this building. Miss Biggers is a good leader and she is surrounded by a group of fine young lady followers. Here's hoping that she returns to the Land of the Sky again next year, if we are still here.

▽ ▽

Col. Fred A. Olds, director of the Hall of History, Raleigh, N. C., will be a welcome visitor at the "Y" any time he is in this part of the state. He is a Southern gentlemen, and one of the best story-tellers we have heard for a long time.

▽ ▽

Prizes to the amount of \$75 will be given on Monday afternoon next, Labor Day, in the following contests:

- Shuttle relay race,
- Greasy pig,
- Three-legged race,
- Sack race,
- Barrel race,
- Blindfolded wheelbarrow race,
- 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash,
- Potato race,
- Tug of war.

If you are interested in any or all of these see one of the secretaries at the K. of C. or the Y. M. C. A., and you will be given the full particulars. The prizes will be paid in cash and at once.

Monday night opened the week at Red Cross House with a most interesting program. Mr. Duncan, flutist, accompanied by Sgt. Bishoff, both A. E. F. men, gave several pleasing numbers. Miss Estelle Drenning, a gifted reader of pleasing personality, rendered several numbers. Misses Briggs and Lang gave several dances and Messrs. Cecil Davis, pianist and Philip Dryfus, violinist, both of Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, were heard with pleasure.

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Friday evening the Red Cross Grove was turned into a veritable Forest of Arden when Miss Hortense Neilsen, assisted by eighteen young ladies and men, presented "As You Like It."

++

Labor Day will find Oteen quite gay and there will be plenty doing to amuse all dwellers at U. S. General Hospital No. 19. The Y. M. C. A., K. of C. and Red Cross are arranging a big day. In the morning a ball game will keep the fans on the job and Berry's Band from Asheville will play in the groves near the infirmary wards. The coming of this band is always looked forward to with great pleasure by the patients. From three to five in the afternoon games will be indulged in among the trees, and Fortune Tellers will be on hand to put us all wise. At six o'clock, Mrs. Buckner will superintend the big feast, which she has planned and secured from all over the state. After the feast athletic stunts and freak races will be pulled off on the Oteen ball ground.

++

The Detachment Men's dance, which is to be given on Thursday, September the fourth, promises to be the biggest affair of it's kind ever given by the Red Cross. These dances have been arranged by Sgt. Harry Hornik, whose artistic decorations have been much admired, and the coming dance will eclipse all former affairs.

We were glad to welcome Secretary Weiss to Oteen last week. He comes to us from Camp Taylor recommended as a live-wire and, so far, has help up this reputation. Come around and get acquainted with him.

★ ★

I'll say it's hard to kill an Irishman. Joe is still alive, and we won the last one.

★ ★

We were sorry to have to show the picture inside last Sunday, but it will rain sometimes. Better luck tomorrow night.

★ ★

Bill is improving.

★ ★

We were glad to award the large loving cup to Pvt. Geo. J. Anthony and the consolation cup to Pvt. J. P. Reed. Anthony fought hard and was without a doubt the best man with a cue in the tournament. We have about forty entries for the next one, which will start soon. If you can play pool, or think you can, leave your name with one of the secretaries and "grab off" one of the cups.

★ ★

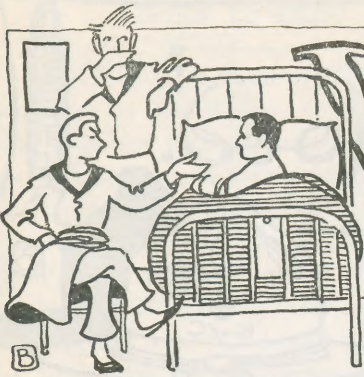
Leave your name at the Red Cross House, "Y" or K. C. for entry in the athletic meet Monday, September 1st. The various events will be posted in the mess hall and Huts.

★ ★

Ice cream and cake will be served at the Tea Dance again today. If you don't dance come around and eat some cream. *Everybody welcome and enough for everybody!*

★ ★

We are grateful to Mrs. Platt for bringing out to Oteen Wednesday night one of the best musical programs ever heard on the post. As the weather grows cooler we will arrange to give you many more such programs with the co-operation of the chaperones and hostesses.



SEVEN WONDERS OF THIS HOSPITAL

Wonder when we are going home!
 Wonder if there's anything doing in town tonight!
 Wonder if Oteen's known in Washington and, if so, whenthehell do we get our discharge?
 Wonder why Lt. Layton doesn't raise a beard to make him resemble "Pop" North!
 Wonder where the Post band went to?
 Wonder if my next bunkie will prove regular! The last one stole my shoes.
 Wonder why our 2nd Loots don't return our salutes? Notice: we have less trouble with generals in this regard!

THE FIFTY-FIFTY MORTICIAN

Realizing that many of our friends and customers do and will pass away in hospitals, we take this form of announcing to you that we are prepared to handle your undertaking work of any nature anywhere in any style that is desired, and can safely guarantee that both of us will profit by this arrangement. Hentzen & Co.

It is suggested as an amendment to the foregoing: "All friends and customers who contemplate passing away should supply us with future addresses to which their share of the profit may be sent. We cannot, and will not, rely on tombstone inscriptions."
 —From B. L. T.

We wonder where the ex-Kaiser is figuring on eating his Christmas dinner this year? In Paris? Well, maybe so; but if it is it'll be in the hooze-grow.

THE MIZA!

There was a young lady named Liza,
 So pretty no one could dispiza her,
 When her best beau does call
 He just sits by the wall
 And iza and iza and iza.

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

IT'S ALL IN THE STATE OF MIND

If you think you're beaten, you are;
 If you think you dare not, you don't;
 If you'd like to win, but think you can't,
 It's almost a "cinch" you won't.
 If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
 For out in the world you find
 Success begins with a fellow's will,
 —It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost
 'Ere even a step is run,
 And many a coward fails
 Ere even his work's begun.
 Think big, and your deeds will grow;
 Think small, and you'll fall behind.
 Think that you can, and you will,
 —It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;
 You've got to think high to rise;
 You've got to be sure of yourself before
 You can ever win a prize.
 Life's battles don't always go
 To the stronger or faster man;
 But soon or late the man who wins
 Is the fellow who THINKS he can.

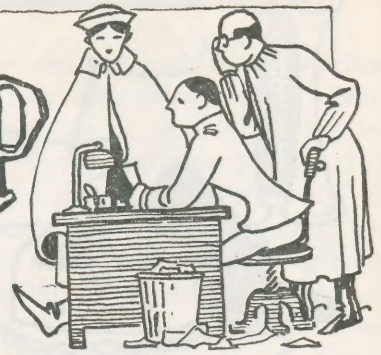
IT IS JUST LIKE THIS!

A little boy, to love inclined,
 A little maid one day did find
 Walking along, he kept behind
 Like
 this.

Then to a seat, at last, came she,
 And, being tired, sat down, you see,
 Right at one end, the other he,
 Like
 this.
 At last he smiled, and she smiled, too,
 And soon the distance shorter grew
 Between the lines of lovers two,
 Likethis.

But Pa was passing by and he
 Dragged him home and soon you see,
 That little boy on Pater's knee
 Likethis.

—Ex.



THIS LIMERICK WINS A DOLLAR. SEND YOURS IN

There was a young man named Rabb,
 Who rode to town in his best Olive Drab;
 But he met a fair Lizzie
 Who made his quite dizzie,
 And now he sure is an old Crab!

★ ★

If the Aide had known her boys were so fussy, and issued special invitations for her picnic, quite a few more would have gone.

★ ★

Now that Mike's family have left for the big burg he is taking the cure and gaining weight each day. That-a-boy, Mike, you'll pass the board yet.

★ ★

They all fall for that Dug Fairbanks' smile that handsome Bowman of W-4 gives them.

★ ★

"Poor boy, you lost your arm!" a well-meaning old lady said to our returned heroes. "Well, ma'am, I don't mind that much," replied the lad, "but it had a \$15 wrist watch on it."
 —Listening Post.

★ ★

The doctor entered the patient's room in the morning, and, according to habit, read the chart the first thing. He was a little surprised to read:

"2 a. m. Patient very restless; nurse sleeping quietly."
 —Trouble Buster.

★ ★

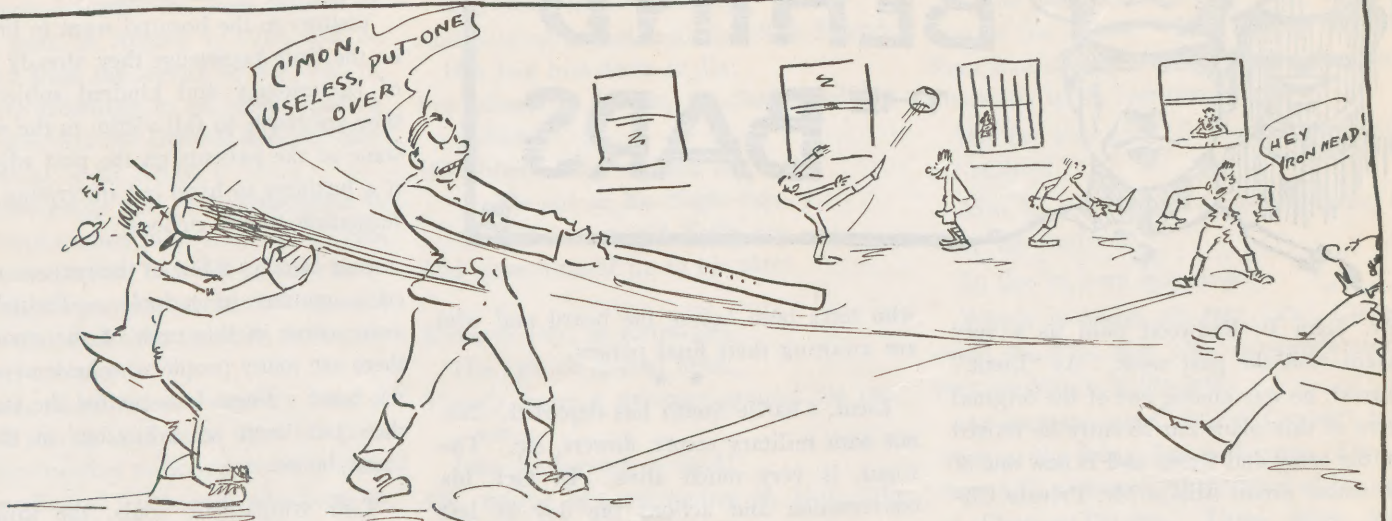
A little Irishman was being examined for admission to the army. He seemed all right in every way except one. The doctor said, "You're a little stiff." Quickly the Irish blood mounted as the big applicant retorted, "And you're a big stiff."

—Tention 21.

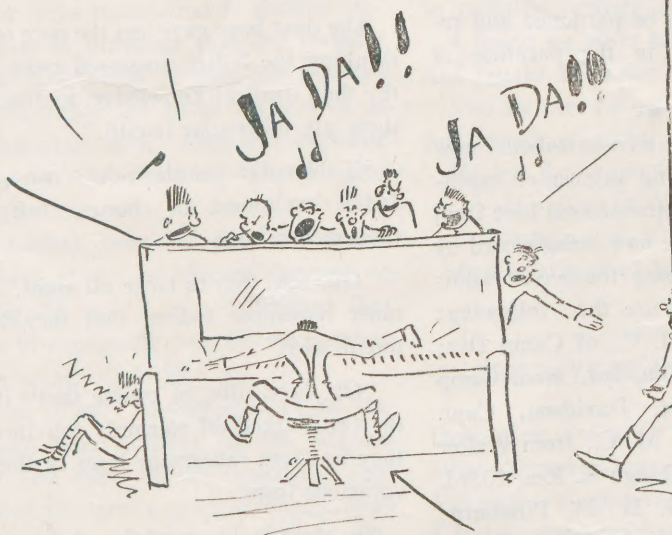
★ ★

Hoster's vehement desire to mix again with some one dear to him from his home in Ohio was gratified when his sister, Emilie, paid him a visit last week. Many of us fellows met Al's devoted sister and we can say without fear of contradiction that she is some girl!

Observations Around the Post—By A. Buck.



THE ARTIST (???) HAS FAILED MISERABLY TO PORTRAY THE DRAMATIC TENSENESS OF THE ABOVE PLAY. SHOULD YOU BE AT ALL CRIMINALLY INCLUDED YOU WILL FIND THRILLS GALORE IN WITNESSING THE HOT STUFF THAT IS STAGED EVERY NOONTIME ON THE RECREATION FIELD.

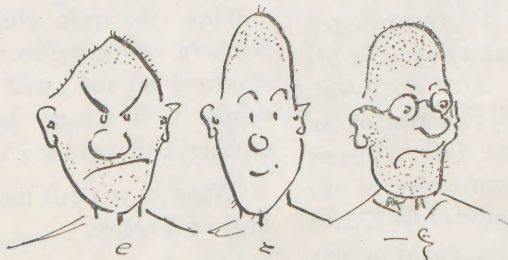


A BUNCH OF THE BOYS WERE WHOOPING IT UP



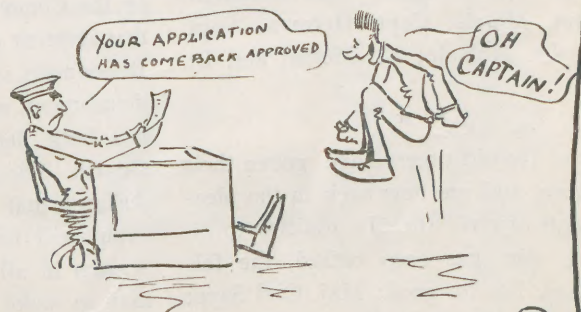
PRESS NOTICE — SOME OF THE RECENT CRAWLS IN TOWN HAVE BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL.

SURE SIGNS OF SPRING!



A FEW YOUNG BUCKS OF THE DETACHMENT HAVE FULLY CONVINCED US THAT DARWIN WAS RIGHT

DREAM ON, GALLANT SOLDIERS, DREAM ON.!!





Mr. John P. Redwood paid us a very pleasant visit the past week. As "Lieut." Redwood, he was among one of the original settlers of this place but recently he retired from the army and Oteen and is now one of those whose proud title is Mr. Private Citizen.

★ ★

Much excitement was caused during the past week over the decline and fall of Major Humphreys, he having abandoned the merry band of Cribbageers and accepted the honorary Presidency of the Old Ladies Knitting Society. Yea verily, he too has fallen. One by one the mighty are unseated. At present the Major is busy Gilletting some ex-cowhide into a pocketbook. It is rumored that his bed was made up to suit him the other night, however this rumor is unconfirmed.

★ ★

Capt. McIntosh has gone for a thirty day leave. It was an urgency case. Y'see, the Capt. has a vineyard containing much grapes and if there is to be any sociable liquid in the cellar this winter, it must needs be looked after. We anticipate visiting the Capt. much this winter.

★ ★

A number of the old familiar faces are missing now, the owners of said faces having succeeded in cajoled leaves of varying lengths out of headquarters on a select variety of reasons. Among those so absent are the following: Col. Guignard; Lieut. Col. Kitts; Maj. McHale; Capt. McLaughlin; Capt. Morris; Capt. Herman; Capt. Brewer; Lt. McHale; Lt. Morse; and Lt. Shafer.

★ ★

Some of the old timers have gotten their final papers and are now back in the pleasant haunts of civil life. In addition to Lt. Redwood, who has been retired, the following have left for good: Maj. Carl Saye; Lieut. Saxton; Lieut. Watson; and Lieut. Edwards. There are a number of others

who have been before the board and who are awaiting their final papers.

★ ★

Lieut. Charlie Smith has departed. No, not with military escort, flowers, etc. The Lieut. is very much alive. In fact, his conversation and actions the day he left were quite the liveliest things we have witnessed in many moons. You see, the Lieut. has been banished to the desert the fastness of Ft. Bayard, New Mexico, where alkali dust, horned toads, and gila monsters are the native products. Farewell Smithy, may you soon be pardoned and return to live forever in the paradise of "Gawja."

★ ★

Many new faces are seen hereabouts now and the number is being augmented rapidly, many officers being transferred here from other hospitals that are now being closed by the government. Among the recent additions to our numbers are the following: Major Northington, M. C., of Camp Dix; Capt. Barkley Lax, 40th. Inf., from Camp Sherman Ohio, Capt. Davidson, Capt. William H. Gertman, M. C., from Walter Reid Hospital; Lieut. Hugh K. Rea, 103rd. F. A., from U. S. G. H. 24, Pittsburg; Lieut. Chester O. Ensign, 353rd. F. A., from U. S. A. G. H. 31, Carlisle, Pa.; Lieut. Alexander B. Culp, A. S.; Mr. Walter El Kessler, A. F. C., from Camp Taylor; and Mr. Hughie O. Langsten, A. F. C., from Camp Pike.

★ ★

Another of the O. P.s has been selected by the Commanding Officer to assist in the management of the post. First was Lieut. Bissonnette, who is now in command of the detachment, and now Lieut. Jack Williams has been detailed as Commander of the Guard. The new Commander of the Guard declares that henceforth the guard at this camp will be a regular guard, up to the scratch in all things, and Jack is just the man to make good. This means the passing of the familiar hails, "Halt, who goes there?" and "I recognize you, go ahead."

T. B. BUG IN CAPTIVITY—WATCH IT WIGGLE ITS TAIL

Visitors to the hospital want to brush up on the little knowledge they already possess of bacteriology and kindred subjects else they are liable to fall victim to the wiles of some of the patients on the post who make it a business to hand out interesting misinformation to the curious.

Last Sunday a few of the patinets captured a number of tadpoles. Tadpoles are very scarce in this neck of the woods and there are many people who have never seen the beast. These lads bottled the tadpoles, then put them on exhibition in the Red Cross house.

Two sympathetic souls, the kind that come out to see the dear poor sick boys and discuss the merits of the various undertaking in Oteen, approached the table on which were the captive tadpoles. "And what are these, dear boys?" inquired the elder of the two.

The dear boys gave 'em the once over and thinking the ladies possessed more sympathy than medical knowledge, replied, "Why those are tubercular bacilli."

"Tubercular bacilli!" the two curious ladies exclaimed in chorus, "why aren't they rather large?"

"Oh, yeh, they're large all right, but you must remember ladies, that they're seven month old!"

"Oh, how silly, of course that's it," and the two walked off solemnly convinced that they had seen tubercular bugs in their most voracious form.

So visitors be careful. Ask what the buildings are, but don't ever lose yourself in the sea of bacteriological research.

SHARPENING HIMSELF

When the train stopped at the little Southern station the tourist from the North sauntered out and gazed curiously at a lean animal with scraggy bristles, which was rubbing itself against a scrub oak.

"What do you call that?" he asked curiously of a native.

"Razorback hawg, suh."

"What is he doing rubbing himself against that tree?"

"He's stroping hisself, suh, just stroping hisself."

NEW DOPE ON DISCHARGE

Practically all emergency enlisted men of the Medical Corps who were enlisted or inducted prior to August 1, 1918 will be discharged from the service by the 30th of September, according to an understanding between the Adjutant General and the Surgeon General of the Army.

Such emergency men, of service prior to August 1918 are not to be transferred from their present station, but will be kept there waiting discharge, and certain safeguards are thrown around them to make more possible their release.

At posts where these emergency men of long time service are located there are to be no transfers to other stations especially where there are Medical Corps men who have established their eligibility for discharge under the provisions of Circular 77, W. D. 1918, unless it is definitely known that these men entitled to discharge will be sent out September 30.

Men who entered the army after August 1, 1918 may be transferred to another station, but it is provided that the transfer must take place only if men are reported surplus, and they are to be transferred to general hospitals only. This will segregate the recent service emergency men in general hospitals.

It is further provided that any transfers to take place be effected previous to September 30, as "it is not believed that transfers of emergency men will be justified after September 30, 1919."

Medical Officers in command of all stations have been notified by the Surgeon General and most of the emergency men who joined the service prior to August 1918 will probably be discharged, if they wish, by the end of next month.

SWAN SONG

John Barleycorn has drained his Horn,
And closed his Crimson Eye,
And bidding an end to his last Sick Friend,
Has laid him down to die;
For minus the Bracer, the Smile and the Chaser,
His Bitters, his Swig and his Bait,
He put on his Night-cap,
His dreamy old Tight-cap,
And gave himself up to his fate!

However Dry, or Extra-Dry
The 'ighball is your head,
There's many a mourner around the corner—

John Barleycorn is dead!
Oh, maybe he's swimming on high with the brimming
Bacchantes, and labels of old,
His brand on the counter,
A seven-league mounter,
His heel on a Footrail of gold!

In paradise perhaps he tries
A brand we never tasted;
And laughs at all our tears that fall,
And sorrows we have wasted;
For Jonathan's spirit, or something near it
He left for me and you—
His ghost in the Moonshine,
A flagon of Moonshine,
And a Swigger of Mountain Dew!

—By Aloysius Coll.

THE LOVE OF A BUTCHER BOY

Deer heart, I'm in an awful stew
How I'll re-veal my love to you.
I'm such a mutton-head, I fear—
I feel so sheep-ish when you're near,
I know it's only cow-ardice.

"PA" CONNOR "TOO OLD TO FIGHT"

"Pa" Connor was too old to fight.

So he sent ten sons and four adopted sons of the colors. Then he put on uniform himself, by special dispensation, and proceeded to do recruiting duty.

His ten sons and his four adopted sons all enlisted.

Also, he has two other sons too young to wear the uniform.

So they've been Boy Scouts.

Which is about all that "Pa" Connor could do, what with "Ma" Connor's necessary assistance in the task.

At one time, seven of "Pa" Connor's boys were on the firing line in France. One of them fell, a captain, at the head of his men at Chateau-Thierry. Three other were wounded.

"I was too young to fight in the Civil War, too old in this, but I guess I've more or less made up for that," says the stalwart old Texan, as reported in the San Antonio Express.

Isn't there some sort of special medal they can give this American citizen? Or is there any finer medal than that service badge, with nine silver stars and one of gold?

ARMY DROPS OLD KRAGS

Announcement was made by the War Department that the 400,000 Krag-Jorgensen rifles and carbines which have been held in arsenals for years and which it was reported during the war were to be sold to Russia or other countries have been formally declared obsolete and withdrawn from the service.

NEITHER DID WE!



The BATTLES of BRUNO

(*Oteen's Own War Story*)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

So now Bruno has busted right into the moving-picture game. The most interesting phase in his career is about to be laid before you.

Of course, we don't guarantee this, you understand. As a matter of fact we put this in to sort of kid you along so that you would stick to our hero through thick and thin. He may not have an interesting time at all. Who can tell? Certainly not the author of this great war novel. Heaven knows it has been enough trouble thinking up interesting things to have happen so far. And as the weather gets hotter and hotter, like every one else, the pep begins to ooze. We ain't no hot-weather author. But, as Secretary Baker once remarked to Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Anything goes in the summer time."

Be that as it may, here is Bruno already started on the royal road to fame having completed his first scenario and read it aloud to Aaron and his wife, at whose house he is stopping for the nonce. In case you might think that "for the nonce" is a misprint for "for the night," let us hasten to assure you that it is about the niftiest little phrase there is in the field of fancy writing, and besides that, the clever little fellers that prints THE OTEEN don't make printer's errors. Do you, boys?

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Great stuff," shouted Aaron, as soon as Bruno had finished reading his first scenario, called "The Forgotten Sin." Aaron hopped up and down, very much excited and could hardly wait until Bruno found his hat. He hustled Bruno right down the road at full speed until they got to the office of the director of the film company for which Aaron worked.

The director was a tall, pale young man with yellow fingers and a gardenia. You could see without half looking that he had talent and was a great reader. He must have read a lot of books, as many as some of these Administration Building sergeant read during their "working" day. Anyhow, you could see that he was highly educated—like a trick pony or something.

He read Bruno's scenario, clapped his hand to his forehead and gave a happy laugh.

"Wonderful," he exclaimed, "magnificent. For years I have striven to raise the standards of the screen. I have felt them to be too sordid, too rough-neck. Here at last is my opportunity. Maguire!"

"Maguire," said the director to this 20-minute egg, "send in the Bashful Beach Beauties."

A moment later six home-wreckers came in, giving our hero the glad-I-met-you as they passed.

"Now, girls," said the director, "here at last is your opportunity to do something to elevate the art of the screen. This young man," pointing at Bruno, "has written a scenario so humanly true, so faithfully human that none save he with a heart of steel could fail to be moved by the depth of his



BRUNO HIT DOWN THE ROAD FULL SPEED

message. The scenario is called 'The Forgotten Sin' and the first scene takes place on a bathing beach. All you girls are to be in bathing when around the corner of a big rock comes Maguire here in his comic makeup. As soon as you lamp him you rush over to him and pull his mustache and jam his derby down over his eyes and pull him out into the water and let a big wave hit him in the face. Along comes his wife, who, seeing him with you, runs for the police. They turn out in the patrol wagon and drive furiously over the cliff into the water. A dirigible balloon is coming by the time and the crew drag Maguire on board at the same time a

motorboat picks up Maguire's wife and starts in pursuit. The dirigible is punctured by a shot from the motorboat and collapses over a girl's school at the bed hour. Maguire is thrown down the chimney into the room of the teacher. You girls rush in, in your p j's. and out again. Maguire escapes in the principal's nightgown. How's that?"

The director paused to beam at the girls.

"Oh, Mr. Weinstein, ain't that wonderful!" they chorused, and then they turned to look at Bruno who, all this while, had been standing with his mouth open, gazing in awed astonishment at the director.

"But," said Bruno, "that ain't what I wrote down in my scenario at all. I had a heroine who was the daughter of a rich Chicago merchant—"

"Stop," said the director. "Enough. All you writing people are alike. Finicky, temperamental. Insisting on details. What difference does it make whether your scenario is like this in all respects? Isn't the plot I just outlined a good one? Hasn't it got original features? Ain't it human? I ask you, ain't it human?"

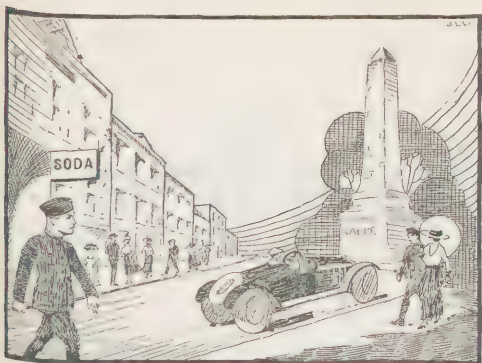
"But—" said Bruno.

"Never mind the 'buts.' You will have to clear out now as we are going to shoot the bathing scene. Here is my order for \$2.50. Get it cashed at the office and don't let me ever hear you complain about movie writers being underpaid. Now, Gladys, if you will be kind enough to lay out along that rock and kick up yours heels, so."

Bruno went silently away as Aaron plucked at his sleeve. Our hero seemed to be in a daze.

"Its all right, Bruno," said Aaron comfortingly. "Your work has received the approval of one of the leading figures in the moving picture world. The man you have just spoken to gets a salary larger than the Speaker of the House, the Secretary of Agriculture and the Commissioner of Public Deeds all rolled into one. He is a great genius, Bruno, and we must not question his ways. Why he is the man who directed the man who threw the first custard pie in the movies."

(To be continued.)



DOINS OF OUR OWN WHITE WAY

Our x-light-weight sergeant "Benny" Leonard, of Brooklyn, is still employed by the Q. M. We suspect the kid of entertaining serious intents toward some of these dizzy Gashvillians.

★ ★

One of the Baptist tabernacles had a feast this week, and the local social entry read: "A beautiful two-pound hen was cooked to a nicety, which was consumed by ten men folks, ably assisted by ten ladies."

★ ★

X-Lieut. John Redwood (no kin to the Irish liberator) and wife were seen several evenings lately looking plaintively into our Broadway shop windows. Mr. John, with wife, and three trunks are bound to go North this Wednesday.

★ ★

Our much respected Colonel was observed on our own white way the other evening with, we took it, the evening victuals under his arm.

★ ★

"Bad" Bill Knight, our doughty chief of the M. P.'s, left this week to guard his own fireside—having grown weary of holding to such a varied number in these months past.

★ ★

Remember Baron Bean continues to sell the best sixty-cent dinner in these parts for *one dollar*.—Advt.

★ ★

A gambling nest was uncovered by the M. P.'s on Sunday last—nearly. Yes, sir; Sgt. Radford's house. And the findings were—four lieuts' and five ladies—and the Sgt. himself—all playing *rummy* to beat hell.

★ ★

We wonder what happened to the Pearl G. and Murray, Inf. romance. We suspect as P. G. gathered northern air—so did Robert sow oats.

SOFT-BOILED SERGEANTS

Hard-boiled is what they call them,
Hard-boiled and horribly rough,
Those fierce, ferocious non-coms.
But where do they get that stuff?

Sergeants are supposed to be the toughest.
Corporals are almost the same;
Still, if you've lived in their barracks,
You'd wonder what brought them that name.

Just to watch them get dressed to go dating
Is truly a wonderful sight,
For they start about eight in the morning
For a date at eight that night.

These rough and hard-boiled non-coms,
When they call on Mary or Gwen,
Are meek and gentle creatures,
Not great big, bold, bad men.

For they've powdered quite profusely,
Added toilet waters rare
To their bright and gleaming faces
With most mercilous care.

They've fussed around for hours
Winding their spiral wraps,
Till there's only one great drawback,
They never can change their maps.

Still they always call them hard-boiled,
Hard-boiled and awful rough,
These dainty, powdered non-coms
Now where do they get that stuff?

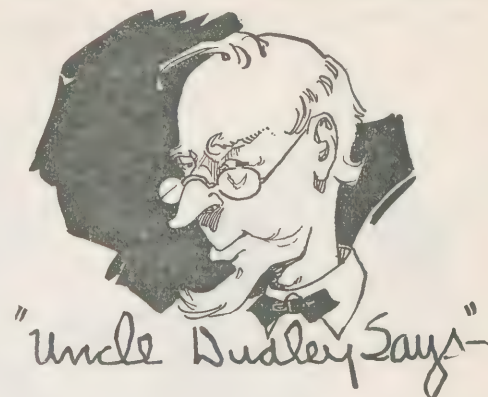
KENILWORTH CLEARED OUT
THIS WEEK

General Hospital No. 12, Biltmore, officially ceased to exist this week by orders of the Surgeon General. 150 of the Detachment men were discharged; most of the officers transferred to other *rest centers*, and 350 patients were sent in medical trains to all point of the compass; the greater portion to Fort McPherson for further treatment.

It is reported from an authoritative source that the Kenilworth property is to be turned over to the Public Health service, for a period of five years, and to be used as a general recuperative hospital for disabled soldiers.

Tony Spagoni was having his throat examined at the infirmary. "Say 'Ah-h-h-h,'" said the doctor.

"Me no spik Englees," said Tony.



"Wuz standin' down on th' square th' tother nite at a powerful late hour with a couple o' other fellers frum out here, en there dident seem t' be enny hopes o' gittin' out here t' camp, en along kum one o' these fellers frum camp what owns a big masheen en he wuz th' only feller in it en we all picked up our duds fer we felt dead sartin' thet here wuz a ride, en then—we kept on standin' there while th' feller in th' masheen jest giv us a good look en kept right on goin. There air sum fellers what ain't got no more idee o' Common Hoss Sense Courtesy than a horned toad hez about th' Leeg o' Notions.

★ ★

"En I know one o' these here taxi drivers what see a couple o' fellers start t' walk out t' camp one nite about one a. m. becaws they had gone broke in th' city en this feller sez, sez he, "Damme ef I see enny feller walk out there whil this here ole masheen rolls," en durned ef he dident hike atter em en bring em out fer nuthin.' That iz what I call a *white* feller with a human blood pump inside him. May hiz tribe increase most powerful en may hiz boat bubble over with trade. He is a *real* guy!"

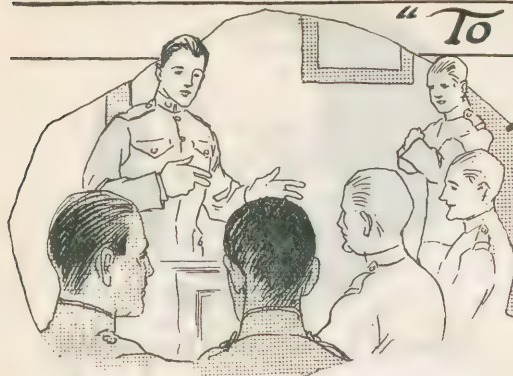
★ ★

"Whoa Helen, back up! Yer Ole Uncle shore appreshiates all them air good wishes, but ,ez Mark Twain sez onct about th' report o' hiz death, th' report o' my passing iz powerful exaggerated. Yer Ole Uncle iz planted here fer sum time t' kum."

★ ★

"En yer Ole Uncle hez kum t' th' konklushum thet th' only gal iz not th' Summer Gal, er Winter Gal, er Bathin' Gal, erary speshul counts t' a fellow. A feller might like t' drift along a ways with one o these here seasonal gals what come regular like th locusts en th' measles, but he is durn keerful t' keep a stiddy gal tied t' him t' anchor to fer good."

"To uplift and to build"



Reconstruction

L-I-S-T-E-N!

"Let music ring from all the trees!" Surest thing you know. The Music Department says that it's the easiest thing they do. Miss Gray, Mrs. Mere and Miss Morton, who will take Miss Roebblings' place, are in charge. Miss Gray teaches one to play Hawaiian melodies on ukelele, Dixie tunes on bajoes and mandolins. "Kiss Me Again," or "Till We Meet Again," by Mrs. Mere on the violin, while Miss Morton renders anything from "Jazz Baby" to Beethoven's "Sonatas" on the piano.

★ ★

Three new aides have been added to our number: Mrs Louise M. Mere from Kenilworth, Miss Gladys Roberts, also from Kenilworth. Miss Roberts will take Miss Abrams' place; Miss Elizabeth Skirball, teacher of commercial subjects, from Fort Porter.

★ ★

With sadness we report the leaving of Miss Eleanor Abrams, Mrs. Marian Chace, Miss Mabel Cowden and Miss Margaret Roebblings, and of Miss Edith Lunger who, while not a regular aide, is one of us.

★ ★

Miss Anna Marie Barringer, supervisor of Aides, will leave on the 5th for her vacation. Miss Alderfer is on a twenty-one days' leave. Miss Sarah Webster is expected to return Friday from her leave of absence.

★ ★

The aides have once more taken to N-8. Three so far are numbered among that fold.

★ ★

We fear—we sadly fear, that Miss Morris was too highly entertained on her leave of absence. However, though, she is confined to bed and speaks through her nose, she says it is worth it.

★ ★

"We shall weep for we shall miss him There will be one vacant chair."

"Honestly, we do hate to see you go, Captain Morgan!"

In the stillness of the night,
A noise,
A bolt from the heavens,
Screams, running, shrieks.
A ghost, a ghost, a goat.
In Richmond's room
Iron from the skies
Great consternation
Two aides missing
O. D. called.
Two guards running,
Two aides appeared,
One from the back porch,
Cooling her heels,
One from the shower,
Without any towel.
Cold bath for one.
Innocence blamed,
Attic too high for the guards
Nothing too high for an aide.
They didn't they did
Sang the chorus, Bedlam
Guards laughed
Head aide wept
A fool there was—
Alas, alack
Two aides punished
Sadly smacked.
Innocent, innocent
Rang their cries.
They aren't
They are,
Sang the Chorus.

Three cheers for the improvement in our mess. Real biscuits and honey for supper! Don't forget that real home-made apple dumpling last week!

★ ★

A piano lamp in reed is being made at O. P. No. 1, and when completed will be exhibited at the Reconstructional Building.

★ ★

An interesting exhibit of craft work was held at the Reconstruction Building on August 20th. The exhibit is to be sent to Chicago, where a meeting of the National Association of Occupational Therapy is to be held. Work of all kinds from other hospitals will be on exhibition. Miss Barringer will attend this meeting.

★ ★

Lieutenant Halstead appeared to be flirting outrageously with every one the other day. This was unusual conduct on his part, so we ventured to ask the reason for this unseemly behavior. He blamed it on a bee, whom he said closed his eye in that perpetual wink.

★ ★

It is a sad and mournful tale
I am about to unfold
How Cowden goes—hist, hear Scarlon wail
And Bill leaves Mary—not so bold.

Bryant too is left by Peterson
Who will no more ask for names,
And then there's Hart whose case is won
Doris M.—Ah! more or less lame!

The saddest of these my stories,
Is the dear Captain Morgan,
Who leaves us now to solve our worries
"Can you not stay till our work is done?"

Lieutenant William H. Baggett and Lieutenant Robert G. Robinson have been added to the Reconstruction Department personnel. Lieutenant Baggett will take Lieutenant Jones' class in Radio, giving Lieutenant Jones a much needed rest. Lieutenant Robinson will assist Lieutenant Riba in his automobile class.



ONE OF OUR GARDENS

LISTEN YOU SUFFERERS

The victims of chigger, or rather buzzard bites, will be delighted to learn that a new remedy was successfully tried out by a certain nurse in Quarters No. 1, with the assistance of two capable nurses to apply it according to directions. It comes in little green, round, tin boxes. The label reads, "Acme Buzzard Bite Cure," then a buzzard for trade mark. Directions read, "Scrape surface gently with large rat-tail file and apply cure with curry-comb. Slap briskly with pine shingle."

As to originators and dispensors of said cure, apply to—

Scratchem and Killem Co.,

Itch Harbor,

State of Misery.

%Officer Ward No. 1 (Headquarters).

%Officer Ward No. 3 (Branch Supply).

N. B.—This cure is recommended under the pure food and drug act No. 13, as containing no ingredients other than those found by analysis here in our own post lab. Namely:

Coco-Cola—1 part.

Soap (shaving)—1 part.

Sand (common)—1 part.

Cold cream (Lt. Shaw's)—q.s. to make thick paste.

THE HORRID THING

The gold-chevroned lad met a sweet lady in the park. "O!" she exclaimed, "tell me about your experiences. I do so much want to learn something about cooties: are they as wonderful as they say?"

"Well," said the Kaiser-get'er, "a cootie is a great little beast, and easily trained—wait, I'll show you. (Picks cootie from O. D. shirt. "Here now, Fritz, show the lady how you stand up Now dawnce, 'ata boy, Fri'tzi. Here now, make a long jump." Cootie jumps and lands on lady's blouse.

"Gracious me!" she screams. "Take him off me; here!" and hands back the cootie to the soldier, who continues:

"Now, Fritz, do a somersault." But the cootie remains motionless in his palm. Turning to her, realizing there has been a "swap" somewhere, he says: "Give me back my own."

—Trouble Buster.

He—"You know I love you—will you marry me?"

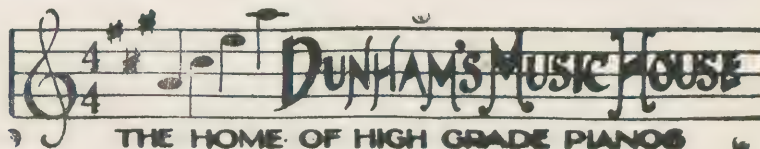
She—"But, my dear boy, I refused you only a week ago."

He—"Oh! was that you?"

DRINK



EVERY BOTTLE STERILIZED



CHOP SUEY

CHOP SUEY

AT THE CHINESE AND AMERICAN RESTAURANT AND
ORIENTAL ROOF GARDEN LOCATED AT 8 N. PACK SQ.

Private Booths. Music. Open until 12 midnight. The only one in Asheville.

FOLKS SAY WE HAVE THE BEST COOK IN TOWN. PERHAPS SHE
ISN'T THE BEST, BUT WE KNOW SHE IS ONE OF THE
BEST FROM THE WAY FOLKS ENJOY OUR
MEALS. PRICES WITHIN REASON.

The Haywood Grill

33 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

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Cars Leave Asheville Every Hour on the Hour

from 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. except 2:00 p.m. Also at 6:30 a.m., 6:30 p.m., 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. On Sundays at 9:00, 10:30, and 11:00 a.m. 1:00 p.m. and every hour until 6:00 p.m. 8:00 and 10:00 p.m.

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DANCING AT LAKE JUANITA
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS 8:30 TO 11: P.M.

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THE BIGGEST, BUSIEST, BEST, AND MOST POPULAR PLACE TO
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SMITH'S DRUG STORE

"ON THE SQUARE"

HOSPITAL SUPPLIES, RUBBER GOODS, SPECIAL TRUSS-FITTING
DEPARTMENT. EXPERT IN CHARGE.

THE BUSY CORNER

PHONES: PRESCRIPTIONS 116, SUNDRIES 117, YOURS 117

TREES WILL BE NAMED FOR DEAD U. S. HEROES

With the practical completion of the Lincoln memorial in Potomac Park, Washington, officials are preparing for the planting of a memorial grove about the edifice, dedicated to men who lost their lives in the great war.

Each of the several hundred trees which will be used to line the roadways and in the landscape gardening effects planned will be donated by relatives of a soldier, sailor or marine who was killed or died of wounds received in battle during the war. Applications are now being received by the officers in charge of public buildings.

Small metal tags will be used to number the trees, and a record will be kept of the service of each man in whose memory a tree is planted.

They tell the story of a bootlegger on the Western Slope, who during his confinement in the county jail, received a visit from some temperance women, who brought him flowers and tracts. The brute instead of thanking them berated them for their ingratitude. "You folks busted up the greatest temperance movement in this county for years," he wailed. "I was selling those fellows whiskey that was diluted as high as 75 per cent., and if you'd left me alone in another month I'd had 'em drinking pure water." —Ex.

**THE OTEEN HOSPITAL
BUYS ALL OF ITS
FISH**

FROM

**The
Asheville Fish
Company**

What an Endorsement
for QUALITY this is!

HOW BOLSHEVISTS ARE MADE

It is easy to make a Bolshevik.

Take almost any one when he is a baby—nourish him insufficiently—let him grow up in a dark, dirty, and hideous tenement. Educate him as badly as possible—take him out of school at 13 or 14 and put him to work. Make his work hard, long and poorly paid. See that he marries and tries to bring up a family on less than a living income. Throw him out of employment every now and then; and some day, when he is in a receptive mood, introduce him to Bolshevik doctrines.

—The C. H.

Strickland Gililan, the lecturer and man who won fame by his "Off Agin, On Agin, Finigan," verses, was about to deliver a lecture in a small Missouri town. He asked the chairman of the committee if he might have a pitcher of water on the platform table.

"To drink," asked the committeeman.

"No," answered Mr. Gililan, "I do a high-diving act."

Loot: "You're a good swimmer?"

Buck: "Yes, certainly. Why?"

Loot: "Which swim do you consider the most difficult?"

Buck: "My swim through military channels."

U. S. General Hospital No. 19
buy most of its eggs from

The
**Western Produce
Company**

Doesn't this speak well for
Western Produce quality?

Ask your grocer for Western
Produce Eggs.

U. S. ARMY HOSPITAL No. 12

AND

U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19

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"CAROLINA SPECIAL"

Superior Milk Products



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CREAMERY
COMPANY**

*Why Not Bring That Watch in Now and Have It
Repaired and Adjusted?*

FINE REPAIRING OUR SPECIALTY

J. E. CARPENTER

16 NORTH PACK SQUARE

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*Are you getting a furlough soon? Or, maybe
your discharge?*

If so you need a Suitcase. Our line of inexpensive light-weight summer Suitcases and Bags is more complete and varied than ever.

Japanese Matting and Cane Suitcases, from	\$1.25 to \$8.50
Brown Hard Fibre Suitcases, specially priced	\$2.75 to \$7.50
Real leather from	\$8.75 to \$35.00

Bon Marche

The Corona Typewriter For Fifty Dollars

It's little and light—not as imposing in appearance as the big fellows—but it does the work of the big fellows, and not a whit less perfect. It's very light, very small and compact, may be carried in a grip or suitcase anywhere and available at all times for heavy work. See one in our big book and stationery store today.

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39 PATTON AVE.

PHONE 254

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

CENTROSA

100 PER CENT PURE PORTO RICAN CIGAR

5c, 10c, 15c, 2 FOR 25c

We believe the good quality of CENTROSAS will be appreciated by you. They are less injurious, because of their mildness and freedom from combination filler and artificial flavoring. On sale at your Exchange and all dealers in town.

BARBEE-CLARK CIGAR & TOB. CO.
D I S T R I B U T O R S

EFFICIENCY PLUS

Our constant effort is to aid you in your Saving.

Ample resources, an efficient management and State supervision combine to make our policy both responsible and progressive.

Our superior faculties and strong connections are always at your service.

WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST CO.

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A BEAUTIFUL 21 MILE RIDE VIA

Hendersonville-Asheville Interurban Co., Inc.

GLOVER T. ORR, *Manager*

CHAS. McMANAWAY, *Asst. Mgr.*

Summer Schedule, Effective July 1, 1919.

HENDERSONV'E TO ASHEVILLE

Leave at..... 9:00 a. m.
Leave at..... 10:00 a. m.
Leave at..... 1:30 p. m.
Leave at..... 6:00 p. m.
Leave at..... 7:00 p. m.

ASHEVILLE TO HENDERSONV'E

Leave at..... 8:30 a. m.
Leave at..... 10:00 a. m.
Leave at..... 1:00 p. m.
Leave at..... 4:00 p. m.
Leave at..... 6:00 p. m.
Leave at..... 7:00 p. m.

SUNDAY SCHEDULE

HENDERSONV'E TO ASHEVILLE

Leave at..... 9.00 a. m.
Leave at..... 2.00 p. m.
Leave at..... 6.00 p. m.

ASHEVILLE TO HENDERSONV'E

Leave at..... 9.00 a. m.
Leave at..... 1:00 p. m.
Leave at..... 6:00 p. m.

*Cars leave Hendersonville from Rose Pharmacy
Cars Leave Asheville from Smith's Drug Store*

ACTUAL BATTLE PICTURES

An interesting collection of pictures in the possession of the Surgeon General are those taken at the front showing field hospitals and evacuation hospitals receiving and removing patients, medical supply depots, medical officers and men working in the field, and equipment they carried, showing contrast between what the personnel are taught in training camps in this country and how they actually work on a battle field. The pictures show regimental surgeons with a gunnysack of bandages and arm full of splints and several bottles of iodine going to the aid of men stricken on the field.

Mr. H. G. Greene, representative for the Federal Board for Vocational Training, has returned and opened his office in the Home Service Section of the Red Cross. The Smith-Sears Act for Vocational Education, which went into effect the first of August makes a number of radical changes in Vocational Training, and Mr. Greene will be glad to explain the new Vocational Training Act to any one interested.

A private answered sick call the other day and complained of "pain in the head."

The surgeon asked, "What kind of pains?" and the private answered, "Musical pains, sir," whereat the surgeon asked how they sounded.

The private quickly answered, "Like 'Home, Sweet Home,' sir." —*Ex.*

Garcia Grande CIGARS

A mild Havana for men of discriminating taste, is now on sale at

The Post Exchange

FURNISHED BY
**The Rogers Grocery
Company**
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

CORNCOBES FOR DOUGHBOYS

One of the units at Camp Lewis, Wash., had in its ranks a chronic whistler. In barracks, at drills, everywhere and all the time the soldier whistled, and suggestions, threats or sarcasm directed at his musical effort were of no avail. There was no stopping his whistling. Finally an officer took the man in hand.

"You stand out there at attention," the officer commanded, "and whistle for an hour."

The soldier grinned and obeyed. For one hour he stood in the company street, whistling "The Star-Spangled Banner," and for an hour officers and soldiers had to stand at attention with him. —Ex.

DIPLOMATIC AMERICAINE

"And you will take me to America with you *apres la guerre?*" asked the demoiselle of the buck private.

"But, mademoiselle," remonstrated the diplomatic buck, "the customs-house officials would never pass such a priceless pearl as you!"

"My dear," said one Newlywed, "why can't you make bread like mother used to make?"

"Because," replied Mrs. Newlywed, "why can't you make the dough that father used to make!"

Then he had to shut up.

LOADED

Please fill in this form:

"What for?"

"Sort of business questionnaire. The boss wants you to tell what you do around the office."

"Gimme six blanks."

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PER DOZEN. FOLDERS FROM
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LAWTON AUTO SERVICE

TAKE YOU TO THESE MARVELS OF SCENIC BEAUTY
PARTIES MADE UP

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M. V. Moore & Co.

Spring Stocks Are Ready

You are invited to make selections from carefully selected assortments of the best that we can find—that the manufacturers can produce.

SHOP FOR MEN ON THE FIRST FLOOR
WOMEN'S AND MISSES' GOODS, SECOND FLOOR
BOYS' AND SPORTS DEPARTMENT
THIRD FLOOR

Full Line of Seasonable Sporting Goods Always in Stock



Served Ice Cold at
Post Exchange

Also on sale at Soda
Fountains, and Soft Drink
Stands in the City.

Asheville's Home for Styleplus Clothes

\$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00 AND \$40.00
DOUGLAS SHOES—\$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 UP TO \$8.00
TRUNKS AND LEATHER GOODS

H. L. FINKELSTEIN

DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY
23-25 BILTMORE AVENUE TELEPHONE 887

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INCORPORATED

ALL OVER ASHEVILLE
AND OPEN ALL THE TIME

YOUR LAUNDRY

ENTRUSTED TO US WILL COME BACK TO YOU FRESH AND
CLEAN—NOT SHRUNKEN OR TORN. WE SPECIALIZE
ON SOLDIERS' LAUNDRY.

ASHEVILLE LAUNDRY

PENLAND STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

UNIVERSAL TRAINING

Universal military training for all youths of nineteen years of age, and the maintenance of a standing army of 510,000 men, which in the event of war would be expanded to 1,250,000 by the boys who had been through the three-month compulsory training, are the features of the army reorganization bill sent to Congress by Secretary of War Baker. The reserve strength would fill out the war army to its capacity of twenty infantry divisions and one cavalry division, into which it is proposed to divide the Regular Army.

The nineteen-year old youth would be registered under a system similar to that used under the Selective Service System.

Exemption from the three-month compulsory training would be given only to members of the coast guard, mariners actually employed in sea service and "persons permanently physically, mentally or morally unfit for any military service whatever."

The abolition of the Inspector General's office is proposed, the secretary stating it is clear that the inspection of purely military training ought to be centralized and carried out under the direction of the training division of the general staff.

WINS AT POKER CURED OF SHOCK

Shell shock isn't such a serious thing after all in the opinion of a carload of wounded soldiers, most of them well on the road to recovery, who landed at the Oakland docks, destined for Letterman General Hospital and the base hospital at Camp Fremont.

Private George Black, of Spokane, who is listed as a "shell shock" patient, brought about the changed views on this new wartime malady through the agency of the good old American game of poker. Starting with 15 cents of borrowed money and an extra cent at Chicago, Private Black ended with nearly all the money on the car, which is reputed to have been in excess of \$100, and which will help him establish himself in civil life when he returns.

Black made his small stake with which he began his poker operations, according to stories the others told, by asking for enough to invest in a sandwich at Chicago. His bunkies said he was given a dime and that he must have had the extra cent himself. He sat in the game just opened and soon was beyond the need of borrowing.

"If that guy's got shell shock I've got the croup," said a two-stripe sergeant, as he bemoaned his lack of cash.

SPECIAL REGIMENTS FOR MARRIED MEN

Special regiments, composed largely if not entirely of married men, probably will result from the War Department policy regarding the disposition of regular army men who are returning to this country with French wives. Orders have been sent to commanding officers of debarkation ports to transfer such men and their wives to Fort Olgethorpe, Ga.; Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., or Fort Myer, Va., when they belong to the cavalry, and to Madison Barracks, N. Y., in the case of infantrymen.

Official estimates are that 20,000 American soldiers married foreign brides. A majority of these men were emergency enlistments, however, and it is believed the special regiments will be sufficient to accommodate the regulars.

WHEN BILLS DON'T COUNT

Having made his payments for Liberty Bonds, war-chest, rent, coal, gas, and groceries, the poor man was broke. But he needed winter clothes, so he compromised by digging through a closet and unearthing a heavy vest that belonged to a winter suit he had worn some years ago. He brushed the vest off and felt in the pockets.

Eureka! A discovery!

In the inside pocket of the vest was a roll of bills amounting to \$123.

And not one of them was receipted.

The Four Stars Tea Room



ON THE SQUARE

Meals served Daily, except Sunday
Lunch Hours—12 to 3 p.m.

Afternoon Tea, Club Sandwiches, Etc.
3 to 6:30 p.m.

Dinner or Supper
6:30 to 9:00 p.m.

Best Home Food at Moderate Prices

SERVICE A LA CARTE

Which Wins?

Is it a young man's ability to *earn* money, or the strength of character to *save* money, that will make him successful? All students of this question are agreed on its answer: a man's earnings have very little to do with success; his savings have *all* to do with it!

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SOUTH PACK SQUARE

LOOKING FOR CARLOAD BRISCOES EVERY MINUTE

TWO SECOND-HAND FORDS ON HAND

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LIBERTY—MOON—BRISCOE—REPUBLIC TRUCKS

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WHEN YOU'RE DISCHARGED ASK FOR THE BUTTON

WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE

16 BROADWAY

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Don't Return to Civilian Life

Without the advantage of a good business training. Our thorough courses, complete equipment and corps of expert teachers enable you to secure an exceptional Business Training at our School. We make special rates to men who have been in the service.

EMANUEL BUSINESS COLLEGE

U. S. OFFICIAL VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

15 HAYWOOD STREET

TELEPHONE 1100

New Uniforms Out of Old Ones

THAT'S OUR BUSINESS TO CLEAN, ALTER AND RENOVATE OLD UNIFORMS SO THEY LOOK LIKE NEW.

Asheville French Dry Cleaning Co.

J. C. WILBAR, Proprietor

PACK SQUARE

200 U. S. DOUGHBOYS HAVE GERMAN WIVES

Two hundred American soldiers have filed requests to bring home German wives, Representative King, of Illinois, declared on his return from a six weeks' tour of European countries and the war zone.

"Although American soldiers are not permitted formally to fraternize with the Germans," he said, "the sight of a doughboy with a fraulein is a common one."

Joseph and Isaac went to hear Billy Sunday preach, and after the service, as they were going home, Joseph said:

"Vell, Isaac, vat you tink of him?"

"I didn't like him," said Isaac. "Too much hell! It was hell, hell, hell all the time. And I don't believe there is any hell, Joseph."

"No hell?" asked Joseph in amaxement.

"No," answered the friend.

"Vell, then, Isaac," said Joseph, "if there is no hell, where is bizness gone?"

Come on Buddies; Here's Your Chance Jobs for All in the Medical Corps

Don't talk about hard times and the difficulty of landing a good position. Uncle Sam, the biggest, fairest and squarest employer in the world, has just the place all waiting for you with the Medical Department of the army.

What if your arm is still stiff from that wound they handed you in Flanders, or your eyesight impaired from that bursting shell in the Argonne and you are disqualified for the dough-boys? Try the Medics—they need brave and courageous men, and the physical requirements are easier.

It is the second highest branch of the service.

Think of the Advantages Offered You

In civilian life you deduct food, quarters, clothing and entertainment from your pay. With the Medical Corps you deduct—NOTHING—from your pay. Uncle Sam furnishes all that along with salary. Make a comparison.

The peace-time army differs vastly from the war-time army.

You are certain of your job from day to day.

Don't Worry—Join the Medical Corps and Let Uncle Sam Do It

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL

THE ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN ASHEVILLE

Will be pleased to handle in a courteous and efficient manner all business entrusted to its care. Your Account, large or small, is invited.

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Asheville, N. C.

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ASSENGER **Cars** **S**SIGHT-
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SPECIAL RATES TO SOLDIERS

A great number of Soldiers at Oteen and Kenilworth have accounts at this Bank. Indeed, the number is so noticeable that it entitles this Bank to be known as "THE SOLDIERS' BANK."

Savings Accounts pay 4 per cent. interest, compounded quarterly. Open one today and you will have a tidy and handy sum to take home with you when you are discharged.

\$1.00 Opens an Account.

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